

# WOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

## Bab Writes About Bachelors And Tells Why Men Don't Marry.

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The great charm of a quiet outing is that you can get off by yourself and think over some of the questions that once in a while do trouble you. With the blue sky above you, the green trees about you and the noise of the city not so many miles from you, so many things look different.

During the summer there have been weddings and wedding and wedding. But notwithstanding the great number of marriages the society member is complaining that men do not marry. Why? Honestly, I suppose men and women are no better or worse than they used to be. There are quite as many in number, and they are, in a way, just as willing to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. But man has learned to be comfortable without woman, and occasionally, more than occasionally too often, he is so admirably arranged that he prefers to admire women from a distance and to live in his own paradise—a paradise without an Eve and even minus a servant.

This conviction has come to me from having been the guest at innumerable bachelor dinners given by proud hosts to their women friends and in their own establishments. What man a few years ago thought of keeping up a place for himself—that is, a comfortable place? But now the bachelor can without any trouble get himself a home, can keep house well, have really all the pleasures and none of the worries of matrimony. Of course, there is a type of man that flies around from one boarding house to another or from one hotel to another, but he is the man who has never gotten his natural instinct, which is to look for a companion to make a home. He is the man who has a hall room in a boarding house or one not much more comfortable in a hotel, and after knocking around for awhile he meets a woman who is more or less

pleasant, who has the art of making him feel contented, and then he devotes his time to her. Of course, lacking the ability to make a home, he also lacks the money to do it, and marriage is impossible. But he longs for the companionship of a woman, and so he does the best thing he can, which is to propose marriage to the woman he loves and remain engaged to her until death breaks or unites the bond. He says, does this unfortunate wretch, that marriage is too expensive. He doesn't see any possibility of making a home in a boarding house, and really that is quite as difficult to do as to make a home on the top of Cleopatra's needle.

"People have been happy in boarding houses, but they can't make homes there. Homes are not made for the multitude as are ready-made skirts, all after one pattern, and that's the reason co-operative housekeeping can never be a success. But the bachelor apartment is the enemy of marriage. An ideal bachelor apartment has, in the first place, enormously big rooms. Then, in the second place, the bachelor seems to be able to get servants who keep everything in order, although in his drawing room or library or whatever he may call it, there are plenty of books, plenty of pictures and plenty of all the delightful things that give an air of luxury. But the air of order is present too. The dining room shows a big round table and a huge sideboard, on which there is a quantity of beautiful glass, for the bachelor housekeeper is great on fine glass. On a small table stands a tiny silver service, the size suited for one. And that is used for the master's coffee every morning.

Anybody would know a man's room because of the largeness of the towels and the size of the washbowls. It is one of the funniest things in the world, and yet it happens every day, to go into a shop and have somebody say to you when you ask for towels, 'Gen-

lemen's or ladies'?" It makes you feel like demanding of the over-civil clerk why a lady, so called, is expected to dry her face on a towel the size of a dinner napkin while a man should be given something very nearly as big as a sheet and which is an absolute comfort to use. When a bachelor girl has an apartment, she thinks first of all the pretty things, of the artistic corners and of the fine effects, whereas a man's first thoughts are given to his bathroom, his jug and bowl, the kitchen belongings and all the dining room appointments.

Men are undoubtedly orderly creatures. If you doubt this, investigate. Every woman is very apt to think—I mean every married woman—that the special man attached to her can keep his belongings in one bureau drawer or else have them shoved off in a corner of the wardrobe, while everything else in the way of closets and bureaus must be dedicated to her. Some day, if she will take the trouble to look, she will see that while her top drawer is a wonderful muddle of ribbons and laces, hairpins and jewelry, of handkerchiefs and gloves, of feathers and furs, and that all the under ones catch, because they are packed so tight, the single one given over to her mankind is as neat as possible and ought to be a lesson to her. The shirts are laid out as if for

an Irish wake, the stockings are in a pile in one corner, the handkerchiefs in another, while the scarfs are smoothly spread out along the side of the shirts. Even in married life a man wants to have a little something that is entirely his own, and the wise woman is the one who puts a whole chest of drawers at his disposal and lets him know that feminine frivolous are not going to interfere with masculine belongings.

It was at a recent wedding that a man asked me, "What do women marry for?"

I thought a little bit, and then I said, "Experience."

Then he asked me, "What do you think men marry for?" There were so many answers to this question that I could not boil them down to an epigram. Oftenest men marry for love, sometimes for money, sometimes because they think it is the proper thing to do, but oftentimes of all because they are lonely.

A man is a creature inclined to be confidential, and he wants something of his own in which to confide. He is inclined toward faith, and he wants something feminine in which to believe. And then, too, very often he loves this pretty feminine thing with all his heart and soul. And very often she doesn't understand the meaning of

the word love. Love is a very queer thing.

There are people who think they know what love is when they are only acquainted with affection, which, by the bye, is not at all a bad thing to have. But if you are searching for real, absolute, enduring love, study a man. He is capable of putting in his heart and shutting up from the eyes of everybody an intense love, keeping it there and only bringing it out when it is required. What he longs for is to meet the woman who knows how to bring out this love and who, once she possesses it, will appreciate it. However, it may be taken for granted, if two people who have tastes somewhat alike, each agreeable to look at each well dressed, which means pleasantly dressed, are thrown for a sufficiently long time in each other's society, that love will be the result. This will be a successful love if the woman is affectionate and the man is loving.

He is a peculiar animal, is man, and

once he knows how much a woman loves him he warms of her. She is wise if she keeps some charm in reserve, so that he is continually expecting and is never disappointed. You know the charm of a pousse cafe? The brandy warms you up, then you get a taste of the mint, then comes a luscious mouthful of nougat, bitter with almonds, then comes yellow chartreuse, then there is a deep red raspberry and then a clear, cold, white, sweet Maraschino. The woman you love must offer you variety in just such dainty sips. But, after all, was it not summed up by that clever Frenchman who, after telling women of their mistakes, said: "The woman who loves us is a bore. The woman we love is an angel." It is true that the day has gone by when men sacrificed everything for women. Countries need to be very young or very old when that sort of thing happens. Life is made too luxurious for the bachelor for him to sacrifice his social position, his business

prospects or any personal ambition for the sake of a woman. But, thinking it all over out here in the sunshine, out here where I look at the sunshine from under a great tree that has heard many a lover's vow, the old question comes back to me, "What do women marry for?"

Some women marry because they want a home of their own, and they can get it in no other way.

Some women marry because they haven't the moral courage to remain single.

Some women marry because they want a little more money in their purses and a little larger credit at the shops.

Some women marry because they want to put "Mrs." on their visiting cards and the word "wife" on their tombstones.

Some women marry because a man has asked them to, and they don't like to say "No."

Some women marry for money—money and nothing else. And with it comes responsibilities of which they never dream.

Some women marry because they love the man; because they want to be his wife, his friend and his helpmate; because they want to make him feel that there is one woman in the world whom he can love and cherish and from whom he will receive love and consideration in return; because they want to make him feel that if sorrow comes he has a sympathizing, loving friend close beside him and that in the day of joy there is one who can give him a smile for a smile. These are the only women worth marrying. The others are of little value and would never be missed.

*Bab*

### MRS. SCOTTEN'S PRETTY HOME IN DETROIT.

Mrs. Oren Scotten, who resides on Fort street West, Detroit, has one of the most beautiful homes of any woman in the United States. There is a park of ten acres surrounding the house. There are groves, a pretty lake and shrubbery and trees of many varieties. The flower beds represent various designs, and there are several mounds of flowers. One mound 25 feet high and 40 feet in diameter is one solid mass of red geraniums. Large Japanese vases filled with ferns, ivy and blooming plants adorn either side of the driveway. The house, with all its furnishings, many of which were brought from foreign lands, has cost upward of \$1,000,000. It is one of the few homes in America which was furnished from the close of the World's fair and in all probability contains a greater number of works of art which took premium and medals at the World's fair than any other one home. A magnificent Persian rug in the hall was manufactured especially for a crowd of heads of European royalty could not meet the payment at that time. It was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Oren Scotten. The most beautiful piece of statuary in this home is "The Fisher Girl," which every one remembers seeing in Chicago. One large revolving vase in the hall, including the pedestal, has an ornamentation of cupids and garlands of roses.

The reception room, in white and gold furnishings, is upholstered in white damask, with dainty garlands and festoons of roses.

The music room has the ceiling frescoed with cupids, who are apparently having a battle of roses.

There are a number of conservatories. The plants have been brought from various climates. Special negotiations were made at the time of the World's fair for some rare palms from South America. When the palms arrived, it was necessary that a special dome be constructed in one of the conservatories for the tall plants. There are several houses in the grounds, a lodge, and a special hospital building for any member of the family or for any of the retinue of servants who may be ill at any time.

### THE STORY OF THE HAIRPIN.

Until the year 1873 hairpins were brought to this country from England or France. There are now several large factories in the United States that turn out an article equal if not superior to the best finished foreign made pins. The trade is such a large one that it takes 50,000 packages, each containing from 12 to 20 pins, to supply the wholesale demand daily in New York. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the small pins at which the pins are at present sold necessitate the most rapid and cheapest process. The wire is made expressly for the purpose and is put up in large coils, which are placed on reels. The end of the wire is put into a clamp, which carries it to a machine while straightening it. There it is run through a machine which cuts, lunds and by a delicate and instantaneous process sharpens the pins. These machines will turn out from 300 to 500 hairpins every minute. The most difficult part of the work is the enameling, which is done by dipping the pin in a preparation and baking it in an oven. Here is where the most constant attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a faultless polish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfections and roughness.

Queen Margherita of Italy and the empress of Russia are probably the best dressed royal women in Europe.

thought out and considered beforehand, a plan which minimizes labor and at the same time preserves the law of order.

For fresh tea and coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a tacker, and pour through it boiling water from the teakettle, held at a height to insure force. Old tea and coffee stains which have become hard should be soaked in cold water first and then boiling.



A SIMPLE TEA GOWN.

Tea gowns are becoming more and more used by many hostesses as costumes for dinner use when that meal is informal. The one shown is a very simple affair and is very easily copied.



AUTUMN INDOOR FROCK.

Here is one of the latest autumn indoor frocks. It was designed by a leading English dressmaker and brought over by a bride who has been spending her honeymoon abroad. The skirt, it will be noted, fits over the hips in the tight style so fashionable now, that makes one wonder how the wearer ever gets into it.

### SOME MIXED MARRIAGES IN EUROPE.

Apologies of recent discussions in regard to misalliances, it is interesting to know that 50 years ago the marriage of Mary Ann Jarvis, daughter of Lord St. Vincent, and one of the reigning beauties of London, to Mr. Dyce Somerville, the millionaire son of a Scotch soldier of fortune and of an Indian princess, excited a storm of indignation in English society. The London Times devoted a lengthy leader to a scathing denunciation of such "unnatural and unholy matrimonial alliances."

There are several members of the British and continental aristocracy who have dusky connections. Thus the widow of the late Earl of Stamford is a coal black Hottentot. The present Lord Gardner is the son of a Hindoo mother and is himself married to a woman of the same race, while the only son of the fifth Earl of Minto is likewise married to an Indian woman at Bombay.

Recently the match between Prince Victor Dushap Singh and Lady Anne Coventry, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Coventry, was made a subject of general congratulation. Prince Victor is save for a slight German strain, an essential Hindoo.

Count Henry Coudenhove, the head of one of the grandest houses of the Austrian aristocracy and a chamberlain of the emperor, married while Austrian envoy to the court of the mikado a Japanese maiden, one O-Mitsu San. The German Baroness von Radben, who is related to many of the leading houses of the old Prussian aristocracy, created an immense sensation some years ago by marrying M. Aoki, who until last month was the Japanese minister plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin.

While much of the wealth of the French ducal house of De la Rochefoucauld and of the Italian historic and princely family of Borghese comes to them through the late Countess Frederic de la Rochefoucauld, a Eurasian, or half caste, the daughter of an Indian prince and of a French adventurer, Ferron.

To renovate black lace dip a small sponge in cold water or blue water and dampen the lace, pressing out with a hot iron over brown paper.

### THE COMING OF CHAMINADE TO AMERICA.

Mlle. Chaminade is coming. The sackcloth and ashes of the next Lenten season in America will be rendered more bearable than usual by the arrival from Paris, among other musical stars who will temper the dullness of the season of repentance, of the great composer. This much is certain, that Chaminade will come to America, if she is still living and well next Lent, but as to the manner of her arrival there is room for speculation.

Like her distinguished countrywomen, Bernhardt, Calve and Guilbert, Chaminade is attracted to America solely by the prospect of adding to her bank account. It was Nordica who electrified Paris with "Les Noels des Giseaux," Calve, who sang into popularity "Sesir la Plage," and Meibach who won thunders of ap-



Mlle. CHAMINADE.

plause by her rendering of "Vienne, Mon Dieu Aime." Charlotte Deshayes, who charmed audiences with "Nuit d'Ete," has two Parisians who so applauded the singing well knew that their idol, Chaminade, had composed the songs, and no small part of the applause was given for her sake. These songs will now be heard in America, and Americans will be able to judge for themselves of the correctness of the musical ear of Paris.

day to a housekeeping friend that she intended to vary for the coming season her usual plan of boarding by taking rooms in a pleasant neighborhood, dining out and preparing her own breakfast and luncheon over a chafin dish.

If oysters or clams are to be served at dinner, they should be ordered in the morning; in a word, there is no hazard purchasing in the well ordered household. All details are carefully



BLUE SERGE WITH SILK BODICE.

Serge is to be worn this fall. Here is one of the latest styles. The waist is fitted in that peculiar fashion that looks so loose and yet makes the waist seem inches smaller. The cuffs are of the same pattern as the silk bodice and the bow at the neck, red, with white spots.

### LATE STYLES IN JEWELS.

An excellent idea of fashions in jewels can be obtained by a peep into a temple of diamonds near the Louvre in Paris. A tiara of diamonds being prepared as a wedding present for the daughter of a titled Parisian shows a mass of scintillating brilliants arranged somewhat after the manner of a crown, only the design appears in the center as a small bouquet of lilies of the valley, the graceful leaves consisting of graduated rows of tiny diamonds tapering to almost invisible droopings of diamonds at the points of the leaves. On the band of the tiara on either side of the centerpiece are smaller bouquets of the delicate silver leaves set with the exquisite jewels. Many of the revived Louis Quatorze designs are being made in brooches and corsage ornaments. Bangles of increasing amplitude show to advantage rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, but the narrow bands set with jewels are the most popular with the ladies.

### WRAPS FOR EVENING WEAR.

A wrap designed to be worn during the first part of the theatrical and concert season is of white silk. It has a wide collar of white satin brocade, vandyked and with double frills of fine white lace and pale coral passementerie trimming each point. About the neck is a very full ruff of lace and coral colored satin ribbon strings tie the cape in front.

In evening wraps, plush will be worn by old and young alike. It is an excellent material for the purpose to which it will be fashionably put the coming season, being rich in appearance and nowdays moderate in price. Brightly trimmed capes of embroidered velvet will be among the novelties in evening wraps that young women may select from, while those of soft gray, with white or black feather trimmings, will be selected by their elders. Black velvet wraps, elaborately trimmed, are to be more than ever in demand by dressy women.

### THE ZENITH OF WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

This question is discussed in an English journal by a writer who maintains that "the fullness of beauty does not reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40." This claim is disputed by another writer, who cites the opinion of women themselves as shown by the undoubted fact that "any woman who craves admiration on the score of her personal appearance would be vastly more pleased were her age to be guessed as being 30 rather than 40."

This is a very wide and delicate question. Much depends upon the race and not a little upon the woman. In some southern lands women are either wrinkled and shriveled or fat and shapeless grandmothers before they reach the age mentioned. In England and in this country it often happens that the "fullness of beauty" in woman "does not reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40."

The question of taste, too, has much to do with a decision, and it is a canon of criticism that in matters of taste there can be no unvarying standard of judgment. There is a beauty of the bud and a beauty of the blossom in all its glory. In the eye of cold fact a woman probably reaches the fullness of her beauty at her physical maturity and ripeness.

The age of limit is very elastic, depending upon health, temperament, heredity, conditions of life and a dozen other things that help to preserve or to impair that beauty, which is its own excuse for being—and for being seen.

### FANCY COMBS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

The new fancy combs have teeth that are coarser than those of last season. The ornamentation of these combs is quite simple. The plainer ones, when ornamented with narrow bands of silver or gold, have only simple designs cut into these bands. Except on those pieces to be worn above the knot there is no filigree work. Jewels, when used, are sunk in the band, not raised above, as for the last few seasons. Amethysts, it is said, will be the popular stones, and only a few diamonds are shown to be worn in very black hair. Amethysts come in settings of silver and gold, in polished and French gray finish and in polished and rose finished silver gilt.

The new side combs come in sets of three and four. The most stylish are hinged together. In sets of four one comb goes above the knot, one below the knot and one on either side. In sets of three, as a rule, the middle comb is to be used above the knot, and is the least bit higher and more ornate than the other two. Where the four are hinged together the tendency seems to be to have them all alike, differing only in length and curve. One favorite design for these combs is the zigzag, with a narrow beaded border of gold. All four combs are alike and hinged together. The effect when worn with hair curled just above the middle of the head is very pretty and generally becoming. Gilt, silver and shell hairpins will not be worn. Indeed the tendency seems to be to hide those necessary articles, hairpins.

ow of pearls." "Diane di Polietiers," single flower-decked, "Jardin d'Ete," bunches of flowers knotted with ribbons, "prairie" pattern and small wild flowers.

If one owns some new oak furniture and it is desired to give it an appearance of antiquity, put the furniture in a small room close to a gas or oil stove, having on it a kettle of ammonia and water—one ounce of rock ammonia to a pint of water is the proportion. Light

the stove, exclude all air from the room, and by the time the water has all boiled away the oak will be a rich dark color.

When jellies and jams are kept where there is danger of their collecting dampness and mold, it is well to cover them with a thin layer of melted paraffin. It will quickly harden and keep out all air and moisture.

To cut parsley for seasoning bunch the stalks together in the hand and double the tops over until the whole is

### HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A pretty stand for bric-a-brac is octagonal in shape and has an inch high rail of mahogany about its edge. The top is covered with old damask plainly put on and soft tints of rose and blue.

A Rubens set of china is a singular whim of the season in tableware. As the name implies, each piece is deco-

rated with a copy in miniature, and in dull, dark blue coloring, of a head from some one of the master's paintings.

New designs in table linen are very handsome and of great variety. Stripes and checks and zigzag strikings are less in demand since the old patterns have been revived. Among these are "shad-